

Pictures: Glimpses of our Future

An Investigation of “How Do Our Actions
Affect Our Coastal Environment?”

Produced by

Moultrie Middle School

Seventh Grade Students

2007-2008

With funding from the Donna Bates Memorial Award through the South Carolina Department of Health and Environmental Control's Office of Ocean and Coastal Resource Management, Moultrie Middle School seventh grade students participated in a yearlong investigation of "*How our actions affect our coastal environment?*" during the 2007-2008 school year.

Who was Donna Bates?



This project was funded with an award made in memory of Ms. Donna S. Bates, an exemplary Public Education and Information Specialist with South Carolina Department of Health and Environmental Control's Office of Ocean and Coastal Resource Management, who passed away in 1995.

Donna worked closely with many South Carolina schools and teachers to encourage and support instruction about the coastal environment. This award honors her commitment and supports teachers to continue coastal education efforts.

This competitive award is dedicated to improve and support coastal and environmental science instruction in public schools. Her devotion and enthusiasm for this work touched many students and her work will hopefully have a lasting impression for the unique resources found in the coastal area.

The investigation led to the development of a traveling interactive education exhibit. Approximately, 10,000 students in the East of the Cooper area will enjoy this series of student produced photographs and poems tracing this important issue. Featured are the top 15 photographs and accompanying poems in the *social world* competition category and the top 15 photographs and poems in the *natural world* competition category.

Take a moment...

consider things you can do to
help our coastal community
improve and thrive.



Tides

**Water
Sinking like a
Blanket uncovering
Nature and beauty below the
Surface.**

By McCray Hodgkiss

Photo by *Laura McDowell with Olivia
Newton*

**Trouble lies in the creek
where fish die every week.**

**Knives kill many fish,
poison spills in the dish.**

**Death is being dealt,
pain is being felt.**

**So the fish lie dead
on the bottom of the creek bed.**

By David Thompson



Photo by *Olivia Newton*



Photo by *Nicole Miller*

Plants

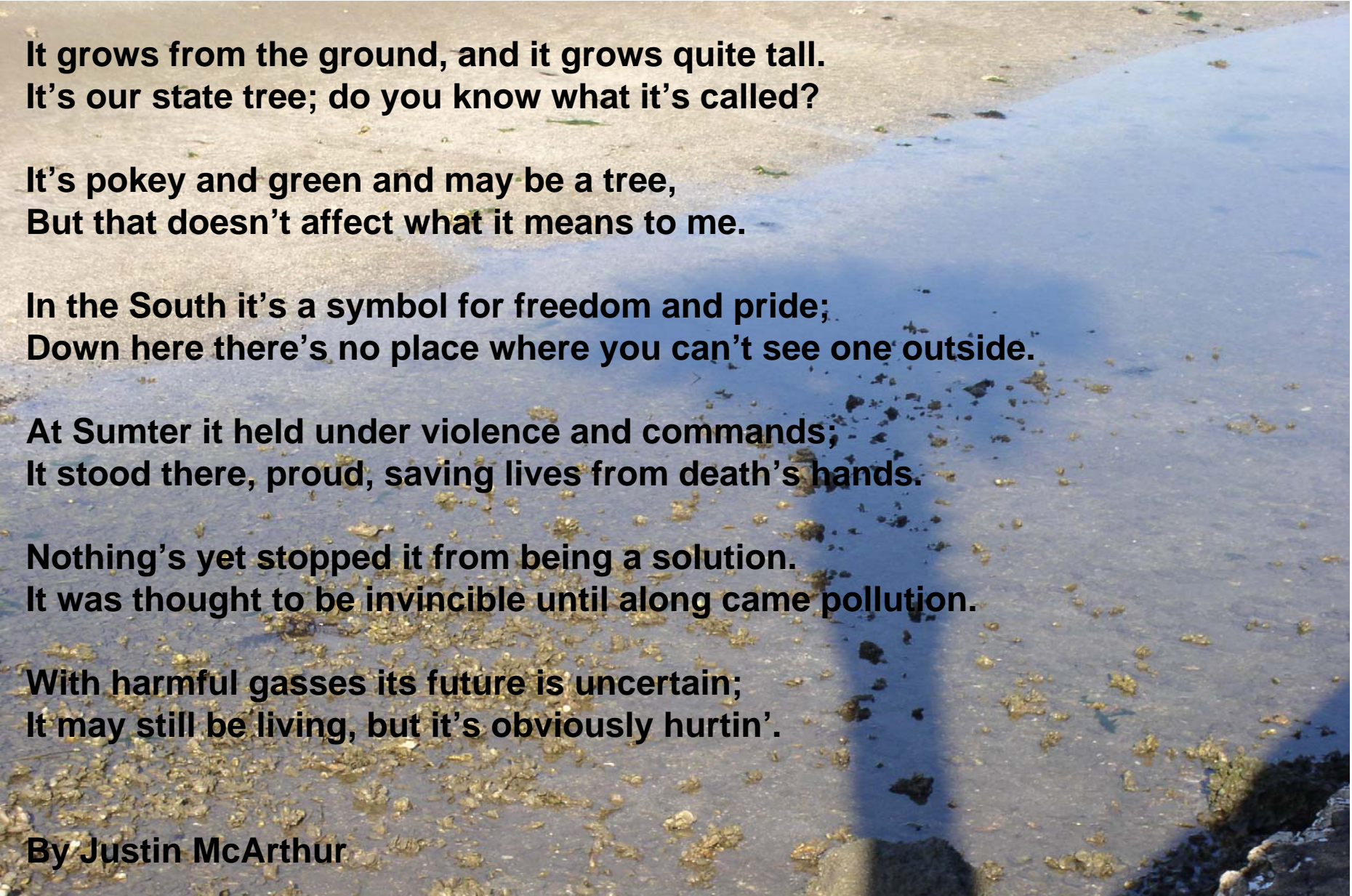
**Plants, plants, plants-
They are everywhere!
Plants, plants, plants –
You can't help but stare.**

**It's nature all around us-
It involves beauty and art.
If you don't stop to look at nature,
It's definitely time to start.**

**Flowers, bushes, vines-
Take a nature cruise!
You can plant some yourself-
Any kinds you choose!**

**So take an adventure-
Discover new plants;
It's more fun than it sounds-
Just give it a chance!**

By Sterlin Richards



**It grows from the ground, and it grows quite tall.
It's our state tree; do you know what it's called?**

**It's pokey and green and may be a tree,
But that doesn't affect what it means to me.**

**In the South it's a symbol for freedom and pride;
Down here there's no place where you can't see one outside.**

**At Sumter it held under violence and commands;
It stood there, proud, saving lives from death's hands.**

**Nothing's yet stopped it from being a solution.
It was thought to be invincible until along came pollution.**

**With harmful gasses its future is uncertain;
It may still be living, but it's obviously hurtin'.**

By Justin McArthur

Photo by *Nate Silestri*

The Palm Tree

**Spreading its palms to greet the morning light
A lonely palm tree near the ocean shore.
It sits by itself through the day and night,
Guarding its home for people to adore.**

**For centuries this palm tree sits alone,
Machines that flatten its shore – its great fear.
Mad at the people destroying its home -
Sitting, sadly watching the end come near.**

**One lonely palm tree sitting by itself-
When this palm tree falls, another will rise;
It's strongly sitting on the sandy shelf,
Like a perfect trophy as the world's prize.**

**Looking out for the world beneath its feet,
Watching the world grow older and complete.**

By Helen Johnson



Photo by Sally Hunt



**Within a jungle
of tangled weeds and green leaves
Stands a glint of hope-
A small flower, by itself-
Its beauty outshines the rest.**

By Georgia Barfield

Photo by *Hannah Pait*

A Real Live Oak

**The moss on the oak danced in the wind,
Blowing back and forth in the cool breeze.
The tremendous tree took no notice to time,
Standing oh so straight and tall.**

**Yes, the oak weathered rain and wind,
Scars of time were written all over him.
Yes, I am strong and covered with the bark of
100 years,
And I do look like an angel floating through
the heavens;
Come South to see my magic moss and to
make magic
Memories with me, a real “live” oak.**

By Mathew Tuk



*Photo by Rachel Perry with
Victoria Jennings*

Blooming



Photo by *Thomas Wehking*

**Flowers and people have something alike-
We both bloom at our own unique paces;
It could be the right way to ride a bike,
Growing lovely in color and faces,**

**Blooming can be a beautiful process,
Whether in a hospital or a tree;
Birth can help make up for all the losses –
And flowers bloom the way that they should be.**

**Buds start out with nothing but innocence-
Pink petals slowly pushing their way out;
Blooming can make maturity more dense-
Blooming causes one more pain and more doubt.**

**Blooming happens in many different ways-
Blooming will continue all through the days.**

By Jenna Chandler

**Sitting softly in the nutrient ground,
Her world is slowly being torn apart.
Plants alike and different all around,
Sadness and pain inside her fragile heart.**

**Magenta-pink deep inside the center-
Beautiful deep royal purple flower;
Allows bumblebees to enter,
Glistening from early morning showers.**

**Tall men in hard hats digging up her place.
Giant machines destroying all her friends;
Soft purple petals as fragile as lace,
Frightfully expecting her life to end.**

**Gorgeous petals softly, quietly close;
The sad thing is nobody around knows.**

Ryleigh Evers

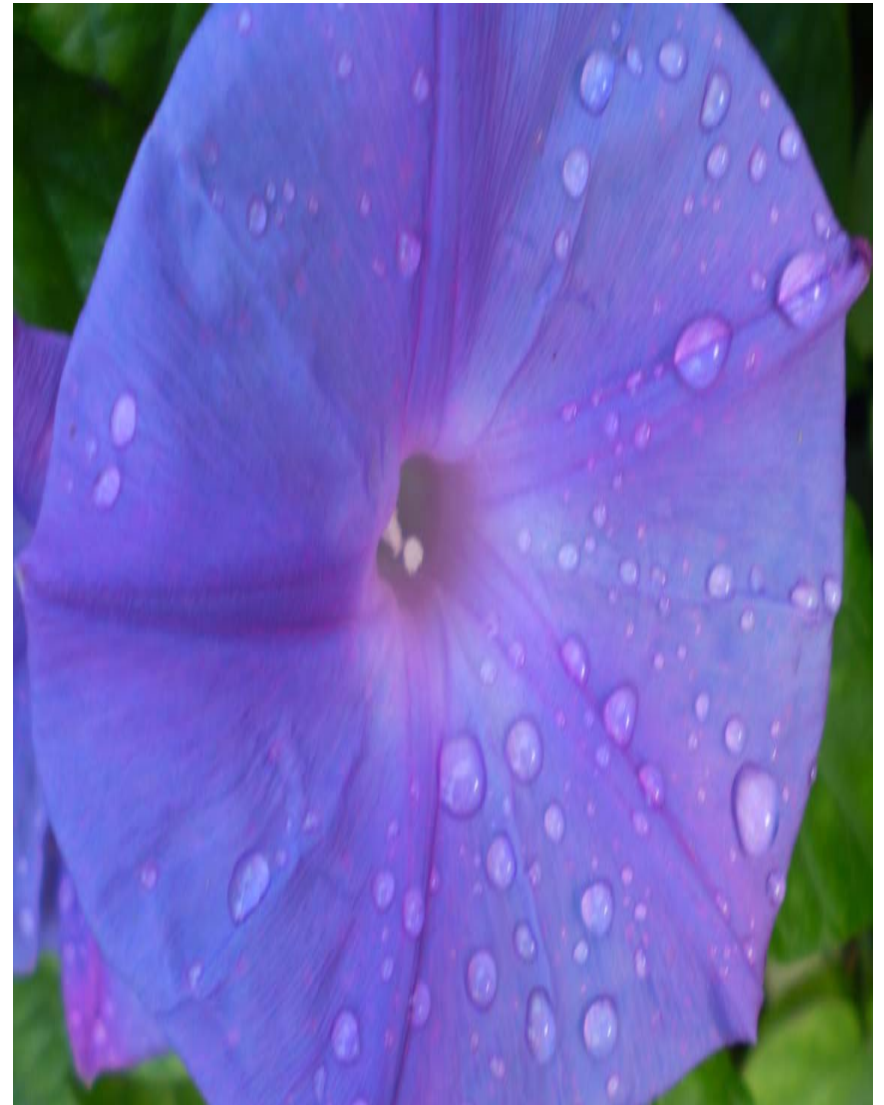


Photo by *Hannah Ross*



The Effects of Man on Nature's Peace

**The wind and the breeze blowing faster
with ease-**

Just as fast as the destruction of the trees.

**And man at the controls to construct and
adjust to our growing population's needs.**

**And while man continues his devastating
development,**

**Destroying those oxygen-producers as he
goes,**

There will no longer be wind or breeze-

Instead there will be death

**All because of man's selfish destruction of
trees.**

By James Taylor

Photo by *James Taylor*

A Spider Web

**A fragile web of stories,
Connected with tiny threads.
They weave together to leave
A spider web.**

**How lovely can it be
When a spider's web you see,
With dewdrops shimmering on
A spider's web?**

**A burst of wind-
The stories are silenced;
No more is it
A spider's web.**

By Emma Durband



Photo by *Christian Hart*



Oysters!

**The oysters were sitting on the shore
Just sitting there listening to the waves roar.**

**Soon as the day awaits,
The oysters will be sitting on someone's plate!**

By Taylor Foxworth

Photo by *Trey Floyd*

Growing No More

**Shady days,
Light warm breezes.**

**I grow each day;
My petals get longer,
My center becomes brighter-**

**Until one day
A huge hand comes along and picks me,
So I stop growing.**

I grow no more.

By Laura McDowell

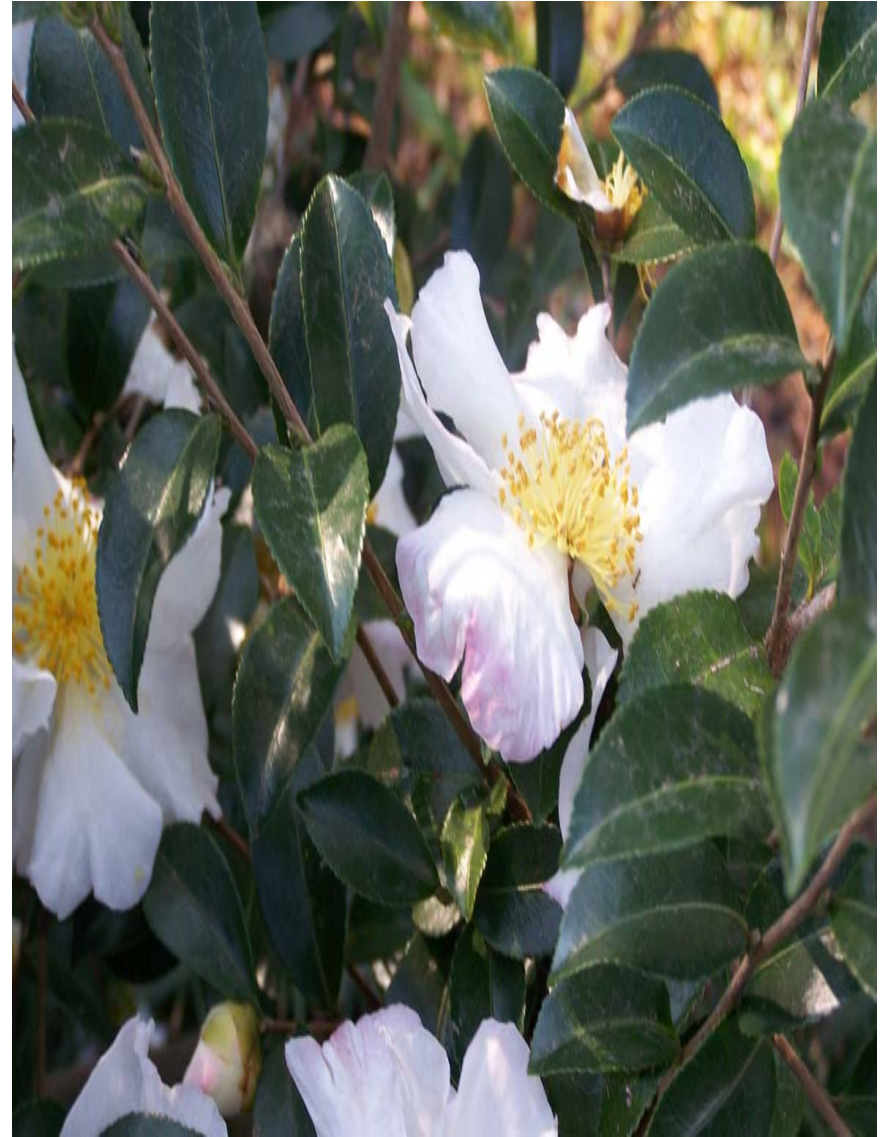


Photo by *Dalton Antley*



Don't Step on Me

**Don't step on me-
I only wish you could see
What happens to me daily.**

**You humans get excited
And don't look for us down here,
So I have something you shall hear.**

**If plants were made to be stepped on,
We would be made of concrete-
Which is much better for your feet.**

**So humans don't step on me-
If you don't step on me,
I'll be full of glee.**

By John Houston

Photo by McCray Hodgkiss with Austin Nuttall

**The sun shines brightly through the blades of glass-
There in the grass you will find me hiding.
I am scared of the people as they pass;
I try to be brave while I am abiding.**

**Red and yellow leaves in the midst of green-
Alone and sad as I wait forever.
I wonder why nature can be so mean.
But as I look again, it is clever.**

**People pass by and never look my way-
My life is slowly coming to an end.
I love listening to what people say
As they pass by and go around the bend.**

**I will not give up hope until I am found,
So next time you are near me, look around.**

By Hannah Ross



Photo by *Taylor O'Neal*



Photo by *Will Stephenson*

Cast Away

**Here I lay in shame;
As you can see I was slain-**

**Ripped from their mouth,
Thrown to the south.**

**Before, I was bold;
Now, I am just cold.**

**Car after car
Giving me a big scar.**

**I once had the will
To aid in the kill;**

**Now the leaf is my friend
And I come to my end.**

By Sean J. Garrett

**Walk of friendship where
people meet and greet others
making life-long friends.**

By Ben Rabin



Photo by *Marian Logan*



Photo by *Legare Passailaigue*

Morning Walk

**Out of the house and onto the street -
A place where the road and nature meet.
Further and further down I go,
Under the trees and fence I follow.
And as the morning air falls into noon,
Sunlight shoots through the trees and spirits bloom.
Though no sounds are heard down the lane,
My heavy thoughts and feelings remain.
Did this road really need to be paved?
Did the trees, that were first, need to be saved?
Was it really necessary? I see not a single car;
Couldn't they have left the forest to cover, near
and far?
I guess the choice was not mine: to pave or not?
But I know that a naturalist would've fought.
There is still so much to enjoy that is green,
And it is our choice to appreciate and keep it
clean!**

By Grace Petersen

Memory Trees

The Old Trees swell with wisdom –
Wisdom beyond their years
Of the losses, pains, joys, and
Accomplishments they have heard.
Their branches bow with sorrow,
Then swoop up with cheery delight
As the ocean before them
Beats back the memories –
Memories in the night.
The leaves shade the wooden seat
Where accolades have sat
With news of no tomorrow
Folded into her lap.
The trees could build another world
With the memories of their roots.
One must wonder what the trees did
To endure such burden and joy,
Or how such memories
Could swoon in one garden.
“Perhaps it is the sea,” one says,

“Or the delicate grass.”
But I say it’s the seat that
Draws memories to come pass.
So the trees stand and swell –
Swell with wisdom beyond
Their years.

By Katlyn Taylor



Photo by *Marnie Poulnot* with
Georgia Compton



Photo by *Bailey Murdock*

Holding Back

**An old fence holds back freedom,
Containing a land of filth.
People grieve to be there,
For it holds them back.
The fence starts to rust where it
twists and turns,
No longer making anyone grieve.
The fence, bent down, now holds
no one's soul.**

By K.D. Askins

Look at Me

**Look at me waving in the wind;
Don't run away – I wish to be your
friend.**

**Look at me glistening in the sun;
Oh, how I only wish that I could run.**

**Look at me waving at you;
I wonder what I look like from your
point of view.**

**Look at me waving goodbye –
I only wish that you had said “Hi!”**

By John Houston

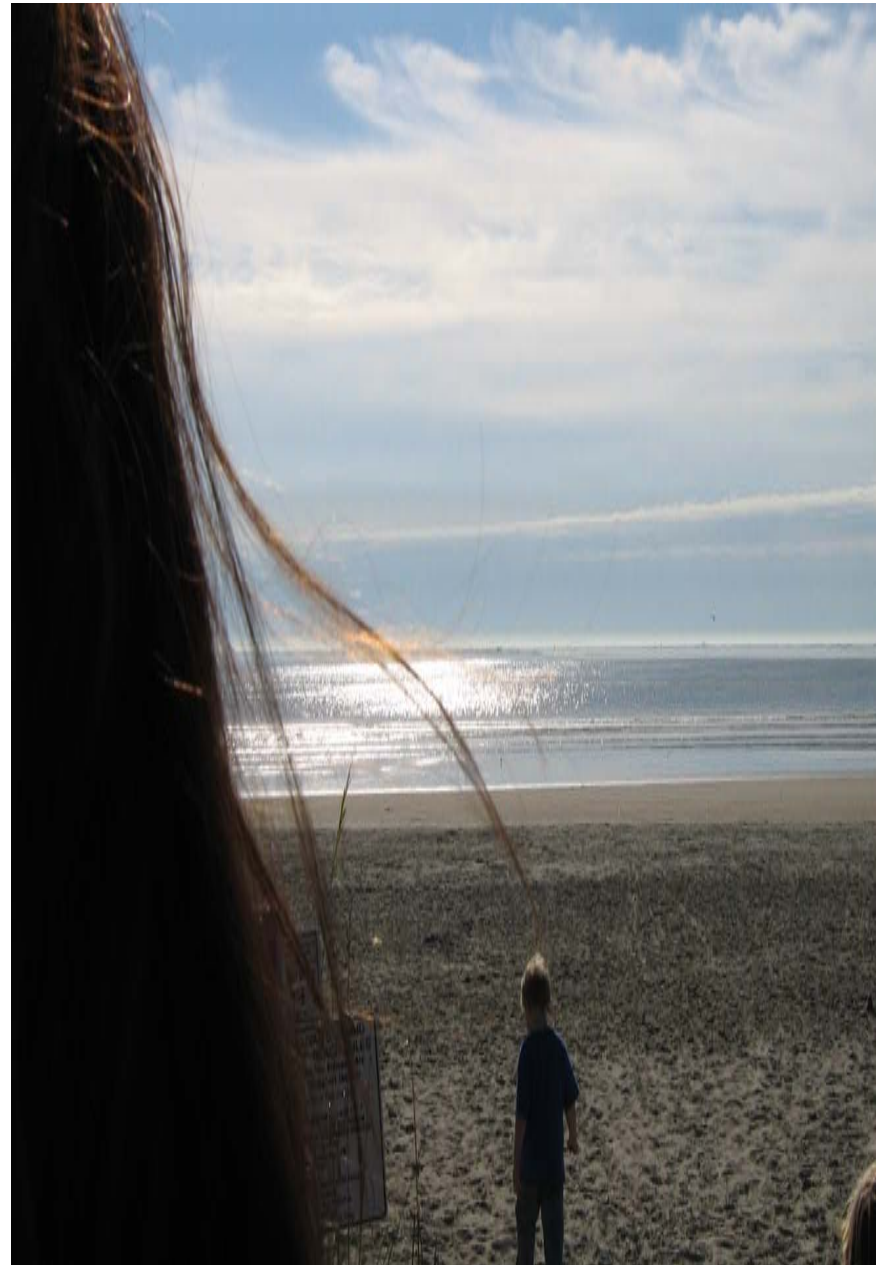


Photo by *Catherine Blackburn*



**Shrimp Boat
Just back from sea
With tons of jumbo shrimp
And happy crew members aboard
Tired**

By Will Stephensen

Photo by *Erin Willis and Alex Unrine*

**This is a big old construction site.
The environment has put up a fight.**

**They lost the war;
It seems so poor.**

**What will go next,
A country, a continent, or all the rest?**

**What will we do without trees?
We really do need these.**

**Without oxygen we cannot stay alive-
And our population will take a great dive.**

By Connor Acsell



Photo by *Laura Shortreed*



Photo by *Nick Theos*

The Short Ballad of the Forest

**Once there was a majestic forest –
Infinite trees, spread like wildfire.
But trucks did trample and deforest,
Destroyed it by dirt and tire.**

**Never once did I see
What this land would grow up to be;
Never thinking it would be gone,
No more its mighty brawn.**

By Adam Rodenberg

The Day Goes On

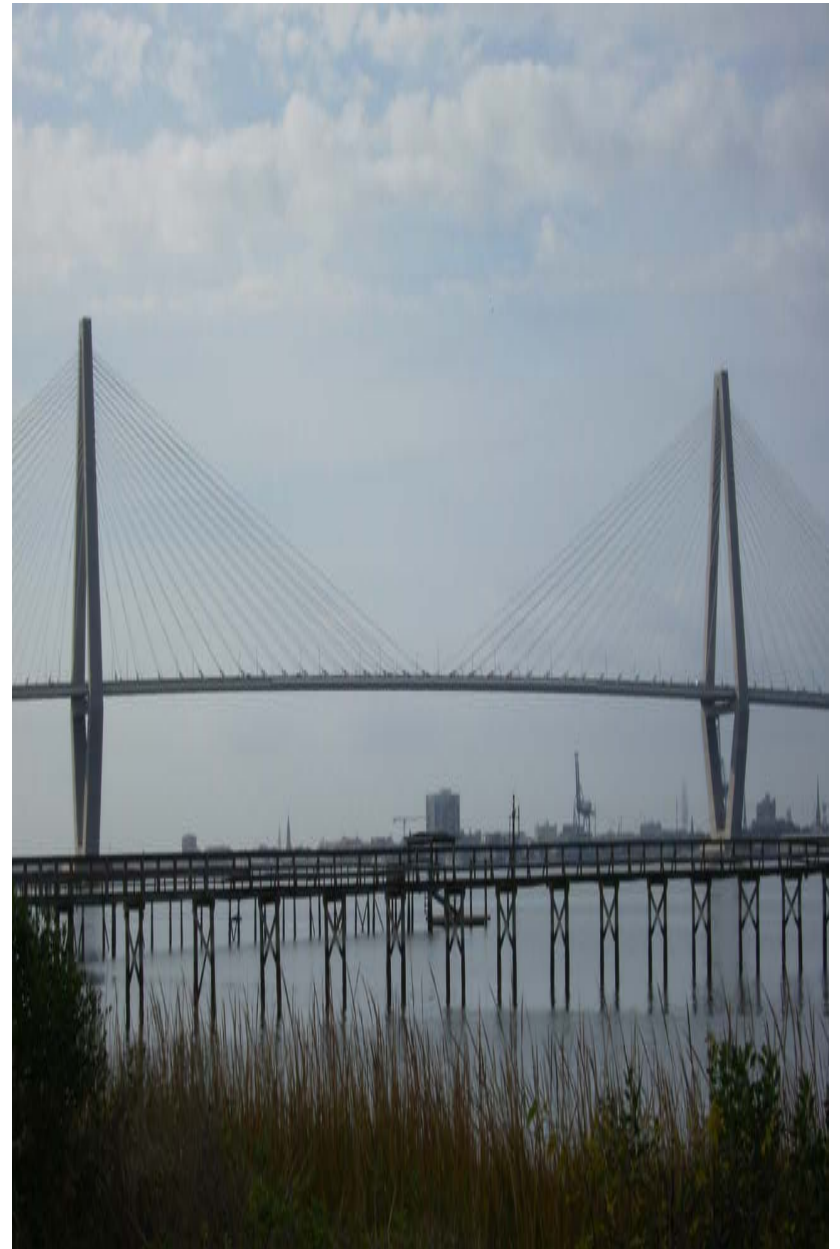
**The bridge is so beautiful as the sun sets,
And you hear the last of the birds
As they settle in their nests.**

**The sky dims
As the clouds fill in like a blanket,
And the remains of the bridge gradually
disappear.**

**The bridge stands great and proud in the
midnight sky,
Resting serenely over the water,
After the hard day has gone by.**

**The roar of cars speeding across the bridge
Wakes and refreshes its memory,
Just in time for the new day to come.**

By Becca Albers



*Photo by Renee Kimbrell with
Patricia Grimes*



Photo by *Nick Theos*

**What we have done is a horrible deed;
Our environment is quickly dying.
We are killing our marshes without heed-
This has to stop; we have to keep trying.**

**Large container ships looming at the shore,
Pollution radiating off its frame;
Killing the estuaries, once so pure-
Setting beautiful marsh life all aflame.**

**History in the harbor harms no one-
Shows the difference between then and today.
But soon our harmful ways can't be undone-
We're killing the planet; we must change our
ways!**

**What have we done? We have to stop!
Must end this before it goes over the top.**

By Annie McDermott



Photo by *Kayla Johnson*

**Murky water under a dock,
Under water where boats will rock-
Fish were dancing, crabs were prancing,
While their crystal-like waters were spoiling.**

By Cody Moring



Photo by *Kindall Guerry with Caroline Jones*

**She sits quietly.
The sun shines brightly on her –
One day's work is done.
She sleeps, while the fish still lurk,
For tomorrow brings more work.**

By Patrick Magwood

**Litter is poison
left like water in the sea
rotting terribly.**

By Hannah Claire Hunter



Photo by Sam Walker

What will you do now?

You CAN make a
difference in our
world!